

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 4.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

MAYOR DAVIES, of Strathcona, declares that he will not be a candidate for the council of the United city. The desirability of having him at the board is generally recognized.

Would it not be a good thing to make him mayor? He is the man principally responsible for bringing about the amalgamation. The movement had to come from the south side of the river. Mr. Davis put himself at the head of it and carried it through with exceptional energy and foresight. He is the logical choice as head of the first administration of Greater Edmonton. The honor is coming to him by reason of the good work that he has done. He would fully measure up to the requirements of the post.

Further than this, it would do a great deal towards making complete, a union in spirit as well as in name, if the larger municipality should select for the chief position of responsibility under the changed order of things a citizen of the smaller.

THERE was something said on this page a week ago about the splendid material which the old timers of the west afforded the literary worker. Since that was written, the Christmas number of Toronto Saturday Night has arrived, with a lengthy sketch by Miss Agnes Laut, of one of the most picturesque of the survivors of the old days when the "company" reigned supreme. This is Rev. "Jack" Matheson of Onion Lake, well-known to a great many Edmontonians. Once at least each summer he visits the city for the purchase of supplies for his mission, which he rafts down the river.

Miss Laut tells how, as a child in old Fort Garry she had heard of "Jack." "Every once in so often—usually at the breaking-up of winter, when Winnipeg was wallowing in mud hub-deep for the wheels, back-deep for the poor horses—there used to 'blow in' to the studios calm, in the shape of a college, a space filling visitor, which was more like a blizzard out of the north than anything else. He stood six feet plus in his moccasins; and mud or snow, rain or shine, he wore moccasins—Indian moccasins—beaded and dirty and the worse for wear, with a devil-may-care air from his hair tied back with an Indian scarf to his long free swinging arms, cased in heavy gauntlets. Sometimes he came in by dog-trail, flourishing a big dog-whip. Sometimes he came in by canoe; but always, he came in like a blizzard blowing the house upside down and filling the remotest space of the remotest corner with proof of his presence."

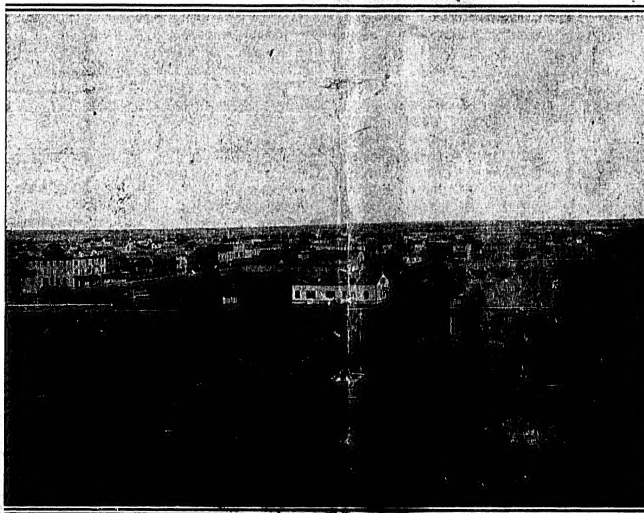
He was the greatest gambler in the west. He would bet on a dog race, matched ponies, a poker game, or any old thing. From November to April he carried the mail from Norway House to the Rockies, a distance of 1800 miles. In the summer he ran brigades of four canoes down the Saskatchewan. Later he started building bridges on the mountain section of the C.P.R.

Then a change came. He decided to establish this Indian mission school at Onion Lake, the salary for the work being fixed at \$300 a year. Here he has labored for a long while back and accomplished in a quiet way a very great deal of practical good. It was at his mission that Miss Taft saw him three years ago last summer, and he gave her many most interesting reminiscences of the early history of the country, which she has incorporated in her article for Saturday Night.

WINNIPEG citizens are greatly agitated because of some remarks made by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council at the hearing of the city's case against its street railway company. It is assumed, after these, that the decision will go against the municipality. Lord Atkinson was of the opinion that the Council had instituted these proceedings in response to the agitation of "a howling populace." Winnipeg Town Topics has this comment to make:

"Which is what is to be expected from the experience of the city of Toronto a couple of years ago, when the litigation between that city and the Toronto Street Railway Company—a Mackenzie and Mann corporation, like the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company—was carried across the Atlantic. That judgment of the Privy Council was such as to take away the breath of Toronto's citizens."

"It practically gave the Company the control of the city's streets, and almost went so far as to declare that the amazed Torontonians were trespassers on their own thoroughfares and should pay ground rent for them to Sir William Mackenzie as their feudal lord."



WAINWRIGHT HT., ALTA.

A booming divisional point on the C.T.P., named after William Wainwright.

"Not only in that, but in other cases, has the Privy Council handed down judgments that give ground for the expectation that this city is going to be presented with a lemon from the same tree."

"The fact that counsel for the city," continues Town Topics, "had to strive to impress upon the minds of their Lordships the fact that the rate, were openly hostile to the idea—that out here on this side of the Atlantic it is the general practice for street railway companies to have to pay something for the use of the streets, furnishes one more proof, in addition to the many that have gone before, of the necessity of securing an amendment to the British North America Act to put an end to the carrying of any cases, except constitutional ones, from this country across the Atlantic to be decided in London."

"Their Lordships of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London are in a different hemisphere from the one we live in—different in more than the merely geographical sense of the word."

"They do not know the conditions and developments out here, and are not disposed by their habits of mind to regard some of them understandingly and without hostility."

What stuff and nonsense! One would think from this that the Lords of the committee were deciding a matter of abstract right. But their whole duty is to decide the law of the case. If Toronto and Winnipeg were so foolish as to tie themselves up to bad bargains, they have to stand the consequences. So far from this case making it appear advisable to change the system of appeal courts, it is an excellent argument in favor of having the final adjudication in London. These law lords are all men of the widest experience and they are able to approach a controversy purely on its merits, without regard to the popularity or unpopularity of their decision. Judges living with "a howling populace" around them are apt to be influenced by it.

THE land department that is to be established should be the means of effecting a considerable saving in the city's purchases and enable it to look forward to its future needs to a greater extent. The Saturday News has always contended that Edmonton was making a big mistake in not going in for the ownership of real estate on a large scale. More and more will have to be acquired for all kinds of purposes as time goes by, and the municipality will be forced to pay out large amounts that could easily be saved if foresight were now shown. No one can doubt that values generally will keep increasing and we should act with this fact constantly in view. There is no extravagance in making a large outlay in land purchases. It is the most genuine kind of economy.

ALD. Hyndman voiced general public sentiment when he protested against the turning down of the offer of Alberta College

to sell the city the land to the south of College Avenue. If the price asked is not a reasonable one, it should be possible to secure the property by expropriation proceedings. In any case, it must not be allowed to be built over.

Mr. Roosevelt's "man," has ended as the champion of an altogether different political element. The former "trust-busting" colonel has become the hope of the interests in connection with the Republican nomination, while the president is winning more and more the confidence of the liberal element in the party ranks. The present indications are that Mr. Taft and Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey will fight it out at the polls in November. The chances at the present moment seem in favor of the latter. The Democrats held their own in the elections two months ago. But a great deal may happen to change the political current in ten months' time.

MR. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have taken strong issue over the arbitration proposals. The ex-president declared that questions of national honor should not be submitted to arbitration, to which his successor replied:

"If there ever was a question that ought to be settled by arbitration, it most surely is the question affecting the national honor, because the person most affected is not in a position to consider it rationally or properly."

Mr. Roosevelt's idea is what has done more than anything else to delay the general adoption of the principle of arbitration. Any international dispute can be easily construed into an affair of honor.

For a long while individuals settled their differences by appeals to force. The good old rule prevailed everywhere:

And let him take who has the power,
And let him keep who can.

Then such a thing as law came into existence and grew in strength with the centuries. But in the memories of some people still living, "affairs of honor" were regarded in Great Britain as not coming within the law's scope but were required to be settled by personal combat. We have gradually left all this behind. When will the nations in their dealings with one another abandon the ideas of the jungle?

AN English writer, Norman Angell, attracted much attention some time ago by a book entitled "The Great Illusion," in which he strove to bring home the folly of existing international relations. He has lately been giving to the London press some of his ideas with special reference to the recent crisis between Britain, France and Germany and the war that is going on between Italy and Turkey. Whether we agree with him or not, it must be admitted that he makes out a very attractive case:

"For months those in the secrets of the Chancelleries have spoken with bated breath, as though in the presence of some vision of Armageddon. On the strength of this mere talk of war by the three nations, vast commercial interests have been embarrassed, fortunes have been lost and won on the Bourses, banks have suspended payment, some thousands have been ruined; while the fact that the fourth and fifth nations have actually gone to war has raised all sorts of further possibilities of conflict, not alone in Europe, but in Asia, with remote danger of religious fanaticism and all its sequelae. International bitterness and suspicion in general have been intensified, and the one certain result of the whole thing is that immense burdens will be added in the shape of further taxation for armaments to the already heavy ones carried by the five or six nations concerned. For two or three hundred millions of people in Europe life, which, with all the problems of high prices, labor wars, unsolved social difficulties, is none too easy as it is, will be made harder still."

"Well, I put it to you, as a matter worth just a moment or two of consideration, that this conflict is about a perfectly futile matter, one which the immense majority of the German, English, French, Italian, and Turkish people could afford to treat with the completest indifference. For to the vast majority of these 250,000,000 people, more or less, it does not matter two straws whether Morocco or some vague African swamp near the Equator is administered by German, French, Italian, or Turkish officials, so long as it is well administered. Or rather one should go further: if French, German, or Italian colonization of the past is any guide, the nation which wins in the contest for territory of this sort has added a wealth-draining incubus."

"This, of course, is preposterous; I am losing sight of the need for making provision for the future expansion of the race, of each party desiring to find its place in the sun, and Heaven knows what."

"France has got a new Empire, we are told; she has won a great victory! It is growing and expanding and is richer by something which her rivals are the poorer for not having."

"Let us assume that she makes the same success of Morocco that she has made of her other possessions, of say, Tunis, which represents one of the most successful of those operations of Colonial expansion which have marked her history during the last forty years. What has been the precise effect on French prosperity?"

"In thirty years, at a cost of many millions sterling (it is part of successful Colonial administration in France never to let it be known what the Colonies really cost), France has founded in Tunis a Colony in which today there are, excluding soldiers and officials, about 25,000 genuine French Colonists: just about the number by which the French population in France—the real France—is diminishing every year! And the value of Tunis as a market does not even amount to the direct cost of occupation, to say nothing of the indirect addition to military burdens."

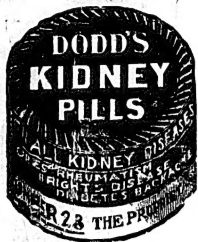
"In other words, France loses every year in her home population a Colony equivalent to Tunis—If we measure Colonies in terms of communities made up of people from the Mother Country. And yet, if once in a generation her rulers and diplomats can point to 25,000 Frenchmen living artificially and exotically under conditions which must in the long run be inimical to their race, it is pointed to as "expansion," and as evidence that France is maintaining her position as a Great Power."

"A few years hence, as history goes, unless there is some complete change of tendencies which at present seem as strong as ever, the French race as we now know it will have ceased to exist—swamped, without the firing, maybe, of a single shot, by the Germans, Belgians, English, Italians, and Jews. There are today in France more Germans than there are Frenchmen in all the Colonies that France has acquired in the last half-century, and German trade with France outweighs the trade of France with all French Colonies. France is today a better Colony for the Germans than they could make of any which France has gained since 1871."

"And, on the other side, we are to assume that Germany has during the period of France's expansion—since the war—not "expanded" at all; that she has been throttled and cramped; that she has not had her place in the sun; and that is why she must fight for it and endanger the security of her neighbors."

"Well, I put it to you again that all this in

(Continued on Page Four)



NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the St. Albert Colleries Company, Limited, have filed the necessary memorial and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation at Calgary, Alberta.

The applicants apply for the right to divert one-fourth of one cubic foot of water per second from the Sturgeon River, at a point on River Lot 54, Township 53, Range 25, West of the 4th Meridian, for other purposes, and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said other purposes to the colleries.

The undermentioned lands are also affected by right of way for the proposed works, viz.: River Lot 54, and the Northwest quarter of section 28, in township 53, range 25, west of the 4th Meridian.

Dated at St. Albert, Alberta, this 28th day of November, 1911.

ST. ALBERT COLLIERIES LIMITED

By Short, Cross & Biggar, their solicitors.

Applicants.



There is a politician who tells this story: "Once while travelling through my state I was noticing in particular the great amount of waste that was going on about me. During the afternoon I went into the dining-car, which was crowded, so I sat down near one end of the car, opposite a fleshy lady, who I thought weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds.

"As I looked past the lady through the car window, not noticing her particularly, I was impressed by the vast amount of farm machinery that was unsheltered and exposed to the weather and could not help but remark, 'What a waste!'"

"The lady opposite me faced me squarely and said: 'Mister, you just mind your own business.'"

The small girl was at the table, drawing, and the mother asked her what the picture was to be. "God," replied the child simply. "But you can't draw God," protested the mother, "because you have never seen Him, and no one has ever seen Him, and no one knows what He is like." The small child licked her pencil and put in another touch. "They will know when I've finished it," she said, simply.

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager which described the present as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and billiards. He plays billiards best."

A VINDICATION.

They call me poet.

Ahead and bold
Old bachelor, they say,
Alack-a-day!
And likewise woe!

They do not know.

A woman hater I, Misogynist,
Who say a woman never could be missed!

By all the gods of old

Me! Cold!

Why, say,

If I'd my way

"Tomorrow's paper" advertise my bliss

In terms like this:
"Married: By Rev. Bishop Jones,
Last night at eight, George Henry Bones,
To Jennie Dobbs and Maud Kazoo,
And Helen Winks and Polly too;
To Mary Barnes and Annie Smith
To Florence Green and Fairy Frith,
To Birdie Wilks, Sallie Brothers,
And six or seven lovely others."

Me! Cold!

Misogynist both bad and bold!

Whatever else I am, that's what I'm not!

Great Scott!

The truth, if you would know, the rein that checks,
In short, is this: I love the whole sweet blooming sex!

—Harper's Bazaar.

The fame of Mme. Cuire is now assured. Heretofore she had been known to a few, a very few, perhaps, because of her distinguished services to the cause of science—she had co-operated with her husband in the discovery of radium, for one thing; now she is known to the world, having figured as a correspondent in a divorce case.

—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

A Massachusetts man has been presented with a gold watch because he has never used a profane word, never smoked or chewed tobacco, never drank a drop of liquor and never kissed a girl outside of his own family. We know a good many men who would rather be compelled to tell the time of day by the sun than to have a watch on such terms.—Vancouver Province.

Saturday Sunset says that Sikhs, a considerable number of whom have settled on the Pacific coast, already hold a million dollars' worth of real estate in Vancouver alone. The Sunset further adds that owing to the Sikhs being unable, under the Immigration law, to bring their womenfolk out, they are getting into evil habits in the way of drinking.

Either these East Indians should be kept out altogether, or else the same freedom of access should be given to both sexes.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN TRIPOLI.

(Henry W. Nevins, in 'the London Nation'.)

In the last fifteen years I have seen a good deal of war and rebellion as a correspondent, and I wish to draw attention to one point in regard to the massacres of Arabs in Tripoli. I mean the evidence of the British and other war correspondents. Every one who has served through a campaign knows that one's sympathy is drawn, even reluctantly, to the side on which one stands. However clearly your reason may perceive the right of the enemy's cause, you can hardly help identifying yourself with the army you accompany. The mere fact of being exposed to continual danger from the enemy produces an instinctive hatred and hostility. The knowledge that the enemy's success in battle would greatly increase your chances of death makes you hesitate to hope for it, though you know his cause is just; and the mere comradeship of the field tempts you to be lenient in discriminating toward the errors of the men around you.

Yet here in Tripoli we have one correspondent after another denouncing the atrocities of the army they accompany. They have broken through the natural instinct I have described and have denounced the very people to whom in the usual course of war they would be most closely drawn. In so doing they have made their own position very difficult and unpleasant. Every correspondent will understand what I mean, for the information, success and comfort of correspondents depend very largely on the good-will of the officers in command. Yet some of the correspondents, both British and foreign, have not hesitated to risk all this in their determination to reveal a horrible crime, and their resolve appears to me to establish the truth of their report.

Not that I needed further proof beyond their plain account and their names. I will leave out Mr. Herbert Montagu, of the Fifth Royal Fusiliers, whose evidence is supported by Mr. Seppings Wright, the well-known war artist. They were both on the Turkish side. And I will leave out M. Henry Cossira, of the Paris 'Excelsior,' because he tried to dodge the censorship and was sent home. But the document signed jointly by the correspondents of the 'Morning Post,' the 'Daily Mirror' and Reuters and published in last Monday's papers, appears to me conclusive. They were themselves with the Italians, they had everything to lose by their action and nothing to gain; and Mr. Asimede Bartlett, Reuters's correspondent, with whom I served in Morocco and who is a hardened and experienced soldier, accustomed to North African fighting, and not at all the man to be carried away into exaggeration of horrors.

Their evidence is, only confirmed by the 'Times' correspondent, a man even more fully acquainted with every kind of warfare, and by Mr. Magee, another of the 'Daily Mirror's' representatives. Still more noticeable is the action of Mr. McCullagh, of the Westminster 'Gazette,' and New York 'World,' and of Herr Gottberg, of the 'Lokalanzeiger,' who actually sent in their papers to General Canova and returned home rather than remain as passive witnesses of the scenes enacted by the General's troops. I have never heard of such a thing being done before. I do not know whether it was wise or prudent. It must have required extraordinary resolution and self-sacrifice. But, speaking as a correspondent and knowing a correspondent's zeal, I do say that no stronger confirmation of the charges could be imagined.

THE COURTS AND MOB LAW.

Ex-President Roosevelt, in New York Outlook: Dreadful though it is for the mob spirit to be roused in a community by such a crime, it would be an even worse calamity if the community did not feel the fury of indignation which produces the mob spirit; and such a fury of indignation should be able to seek satisfaction under the law and not against the law. There is no question whatever that there are serious breakdowns in the administration of justice in America; breakdowns for which we are all of us more or less responsible—the people as a whole, the legislatures, the lawyers, and the courts. Slowness in deciding cases, readiness to admit appeals, the subordination of justice to legal technicalities, the irritating delays in getting the machinery of the law in motion, and the utterly improper attention paid by the courts to the sharpness of lawyers in invoking technicalities—all of these result in frequent miscarriages of justice and in delays which, if long enough, amount, especially in their effect upon the public, to an absolute miscarriage of justice. When such is the case, the community is deliberately preparing itself for the violence of mob action if ever a crime is committed that arouses the utmost intensity of furious passion.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN THE EIGHTIES.

Justin McCarthy, one of the most notable leaders of the Irish party in the House of Commons was 81 years old on the 22nd of November. He lives at Follstone, a pleasant watering place in Kent, and with him resides his daughter, Miss Catherine McCarthy, who has just nursed the distinguished literary man and politician through an illness from which he is still weak.

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COLONEL TALBOT'S CASTLE.

The mind naturally reverts to the Castle of Malahide, at Port Talbot, on the shores of Lake Erie, as to some feudal stronghold in the old land, writes W. Amot Craik in "The Romantic Colonel Talbot" in the October Canadian Magazine. In Canada its presence seems unreal & fictitious. With the exception of the seigniorial manners of Quebec, there is nothing of similar romantic interest in the whole history of the country. Yet, however clearly the imagination may conjure up the strange old place, however picturesquely the fancy may paint it, its reality must at best have been crude and uninviting. Small wonder that when the old bachelor felt his end approaching and sent for a young nephew from the old land to live with him and be his heir, that young gentleman found the place intolerable and was glad to escape at the end of a year. Small wonder that visitors, while lauding his charming location, took no pains to conceal the discomforts of its appointments.

The castle is described by the colonel's biographer, Edward Ermanger, as consisting of a long range of low buildings formed of loes and shingles. The main building was divided into three apartments, the one to the east being a granary and store room, the centre room a living and dining room, and the room to the west a kitchen. A Dutch piazza, usually occupied by dogs and poultry, extended along the front of the building. Near at hand stood a second long, low building, containing bedrooms for the accommodation of the colonel and his guests. In later years another suite of rooms of more lofty pretensions was added for use on state occasions.

To this quaint place came governors and soldiers, statesmen and scholars. Had a register of its guests been kept, the brilliancy of the names recorded would have far outshone those of many a more pretentious domicile. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Allyn, Sir John Colborne, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Chief Justice J. B. Robinson, were a few of the colonel's noted guests, men who took a prominent part in the early history of the country. Among such as these he moved as equal, and for the nonce lived once again in the cultured atmosphere of the old land.

VICTIMS OF THE MINE.

A half hundred men dead in a coal mine. A hundred or more women and children moaning and wringing their hands at the entrance to the mine. Scores of workmen down in the earth, risking their lives to recover the bodies of the victims. Investigation of causes of the explosion. Publication of some very fine theories about cause and effect of black damp. Coroner's inquests. Denunciation of corporation greed. And next day public attention goes to backwoods murder case, of the heightened elopement of Mr. John Doe with Mrs. Roe, or a prize-fight in which is involved the hope of the white race.

Those dead men earned barely a living. Their families were poorly housed, poorly fed, poorly clothed, and the source of that poor living lies maimed and blackened, dead and useless, in the darkness of the mine. What becomes of the hundred widows and orphans? They are the real tragedy of the mine horror. The paths of vice are open to the girls and boys, and the widows stand upon a cliff, the sides of which are jagged rocks and at the bottom of which is degraded old age.

Yet, how seldom does the miner, as he goes down in the earth daily to risk his life, consider what will come to his wife and children if sudden death, so frequent in mining operations, comes to him! God only knows what becomes of the living victims of the mine horror.—Seattle Star.

Music and Drama

The Calgary Herald thus describes what took place after the De Pachmann recital in that city:

"One by one a crowd of people flocked to see this great man, and naturally the fair sex were in the majority.

"They pressed against him and overwhelmed him with superlative eulogies in their fawning endeavor to make obeisance to such a heaven-born genius. One portly lady, accompanied by her husband, approached the great musician and the following dialogue ensued, as heard by a newspaper man:

"I heard you three years ago, and I always thought you the greatest master in the world."

"Ah, madame," replied the master, "it is nice of you to say so."

"When I heard you play that minuetto from Mozart," said the lady, approaching dangerously near the musician, "I felt as if I wanted to hug you."

"You did? Then hug me now," said De Pachmann, in ecstasies, and he entwined his arms round the lady's neck and Hobsonized her, much to the embarrassment of her husband and the delight of the onlookers.

"The musician covered her hands and cheeks with kisses, and while this was going on a number of other ladies of somewhat mature years hurried in, no doubt a little jealous. Most of them received the same reception from the Tetraxini of the piano, and many married Calgary ladies will be able to tell their children that they were kissed by the famous musician, Vladimir de Pachmann.

"The senseless and idiotic questions that a number of people asked De Pachmann were too foolish to bear repeating here, though one question, which was put so innocently and answered with such grace, is worthy of repetition.

"One swallow-looking youth approached the great man, and in a stage whisper, said: 'I suppose you knew Chopin very well?'

"No, I had not the pleasure," replied De Pachmann. "You see, I was only one year old when he died."

"The youth retired, very much wiser and not a little snubbed.

"Then a tall, willowy damsel approached, accompanied by no husband on this occasion, and in a reverent voice, told the musician that the nocturne of Chopin was rendered with almost a divine genius.

"Her pale cheeks did not look enticing enough to the musical masher, but he looked up into her adoring face and said: 'I recollect playing that piece before Liszt and he did me the honor to say that he had never heard it played with such feeling before.'

"Question after question was fired at the musician, who was getting a little bored, as there did not seem to be any more portly married ladies to hug, and his faithful attendant, who evidently seemed used to such an experience, hastily put on the old gentleman's rubbers and wraps hustling him into a waiting carriage, he was driven to his hotel amid the plaudits of those who had waited to catch a glimpse of Vladimir de Pachmann, that loveable and eccentric master of the piano."

Christmas music in the streets is becoming a great feature of the holiday in San Francisco. Our recent visitor, Herr Kubelik, delighted the crowd this year. The following interesting description is given by one writer:

"Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant—"

"One hundred thousand persons, singing with solemn exultation, joined on Sunday night in the Christian hymn of faith and adoration, standing bare-headed under the stars that smiled down as kindly as they did over Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago.

"They sang from the city's heart, where Market, Kearney, Geary and Third streets meet, sang from the windows and the dimly visible tops of tall buildings that cluster about the square of open ground, and while they sang the traffic of the city paused until the great chorus ended in solemn 'Amen.'

"The singing of 'Adeste Fideles' came at the conclusion of the city's open-air celebration of Christmas eve.

"It followed a full programme of music rendered by a trained chorus and the members of the French opera company, which is holding its winter season at San Francisco.

"Jan Kubelik, the great violinist, played to the vast audience crowding the radiating streets with a solid mass of humanity; David Bispham, the famous baritone sang to them; the chorus voiced its glad Christmas carols and then the great voice of the multitude lifted the rolling melody of the hymn before the thousands separated, each to make Christmas cheer in his own particular niche in the world.

"Singers and chorus occupied a low stand, raised against the looming bulk of the Examiner

building, facing outward toward the intersection of the four streets and toward Lotta's fountain.

"The old landmark survived the earthquake and fire, and beside it Tetraxini stood just a year ago to sing Christmas carols to the gathered thousands.

"Across the way from the stand the large buildings which house the two other morning dailies showed lights and crowding heads in every window.

"All around other buildings, standing where the twisted ruins left by the great fire smouldered a little less than six years ago, flamed with light, every window adding its quota of humanity to the massed thousands in the street below.

"Overhead an all but cloudless sky was brilliant with stars, while a gentle wind from the north brought a bracing hint of the far-off snow peaks from which it had travelled.

"With the celebration Sunday night San Francisco set itself on record for a Christmas eve musical festival every year, a possibility because of the weather usual at this season, to which today was no exception."

TRIBUTE PAID ENGLISH ACTOR.

San Francisco dramatic critics paid Forbes Robertson, the eminent English actor, an unusual compliment in going to Oakland and San Jose to review "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," returning to San Francisco and publishing their appreciative criticisms as advance notices prior to his appearance in the Golden Gate city. The critics hailed Mr. Robertson's acting as a revelation, and the dramatic treat of the year, characterizing Mr. Robertson as the greatest English-speaking actor in the world.

"If any young girl considers that in becoming an actress it is necessary for her to give up the fundamentals of existence, I would say that it was not worth while," writes Julia Marlowe, the great Shakespearean actress.

"Personally I would not recognize any art that interfered with the genuine thing of life.

"It is because I know that the stage does not make any such demands that I have never discouraged it as a profession either for man or woman.

"All arts, and especially that of the stage, must contribute to the beauty and charm of life, but they must not do so at the expense of its volarities. I cannot bring myself to think that any actress could possibly attain great distinction in her art who had cut out of her life those essentials which are so necessary for the full development of a woman. When I hear of an actress making any such claims I feel that it is but the expression of a mood, and that she has expressed it publicly is regrettable.

Love the Greatest Thing.

"The greatest things that can come to a woman are love and affection, and these can but contribute to make her a better actress. The life of the stage teems with examples. Our best actresses—at least from the time of the great Mrs. Siddons to the present day—have been women who have had a happy home life, whose greatest joy was in their husbands and children.

"It is a matter of history that a number of famous actresses have left the stage at their marriage, and have made contented wives and devoted mothers.

"The stage, of course, has its hardships, and one of the most trying of these in America is the constant travel. The English actress is very much more fortunate in this particular than we are. In London the most successful actresses do not find it necessary to leave their homes from one year's end to the other. It would be a happy state of affairs if such a condition existed in America. But instead of one great dramatic centre in this country we have at least twenty, and the continual demand for change does not admit of a classic play being presented for more than a limited number of weeks in one of these cities. So we are kept continually moving from place to place."

(Continued on Page Four.)

NEGROES LOSING GROUND.

In 1925 the Southern prophets tell us there will be left not one State in the Union which has a negro majority of inhabitants. Louisiana and Florida had a negro majority, but the last census gives each of them a white majority by some hundreds of thousands. South Carolina and Mississippi still have a majority of negroes, but their increase is not nearly so great as that of the whites, in part from poorer sanitary conditions, and in part because of the large migration to the North. During the last decade the white increase in South Carolina was 218 per cent, and the negro increase only 6.8 per cent.

There are short hours and big pay in one branch of the canning industry—that of "canned music." It appears from a law case just settled in a New York city court that a male singer, now with Mme. Melba in Australia, has already received, including royalties, \$35,000 for singing fourteen times into a phonograph for a talking machine company.

THE INVESTOR

The Montreal Herald says: "What is declared to be the greatest project of its kind ever considered in Canada, a scheme involving the expenditure of millions of dollars and the purchasing of a big block of real estate in the heart of Montreal, with the idea of remodeling the district to form the nucleus of a model city, is reported locally to be the plan which a Toronto syndicate, headed by Aemilius Jarvis, is now placing before a number of English capitalists."

Due presumably to the still nebulous nature of the scheme and the desire of its promoters to keep the whole matter quiet until they either decide to do something definitely or drop the project, it is difficult to obtain any details of the project locally.

The plan of the Toronto syndicate is believed locally either to be a resurrection of one of many of Montreal's boulevard schemes, or a plan similar to the plan carried out in Paris and Rio De Janeiro. A syndicate of capitalists bought up property in the heart of the city, laid it out along artistic lines, and resold it, building a beautiful nucleus for a big city, and incidentally making a great deal of money for themselves."

Another \$2,000 a front foot deal took place on Jasper avenue this week when Mr. J. D. Hyndman, acting for a Belgian syndicate, purchased from the Bank of British North America the fifty feet where the Chown Hardware Co. now is, just east of the corner of First street. It is said that the erection of a large office building on the site is contemplated.

The building permits for the year in Edmonton reached \$3,622,260, as compared with \$2,159,106. As there were exceptionally large single permits during the year, work on which extends over several years, such as for parliament buildings, city hall or other public structures of that class, the total is most gratifying and indicates very rapid progress.

The bank clearings increased about 60 per cent. from \$71,635,125 in 1910 to \$121,438,394. As all who have followed the returns from week to week know, the increase for the past four months is at a much greater rate than this.

A case was decided the other day at the Supreme Court in Ottawa, which is of interest to all who have had dealings with real estate and illustrates very well the need of having an absolutely clear title.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from Page One)

reality is false; that Germany has not been cramped or throttled; that, on the contrary, as we recognize when we get away from the mirage of the map, her expansion has been the wonder of the world. Practically without the aid of Colonies she has added 20,000,000 to her population—one-half the present population of France—during a period in which the French population has actually diminished. Of all the nations in Europe she has cut the biggest swath in the development of world-commerce, industry, and influence. Despite the fact that she has hardly expanded at all in the sense of mere political dominion, a proportion of her population equivalent to the white population of the whole Colonial British Empire make their living, or the best part of it, from the development and exploitation of territory outside her borders.

"Millions of Germans in Prussia and Westphalia derive profit from, or make their living out of, countries to which their political dominion in no way extends. The modern German exploits South America by remaining at home. Where, forsaking this principle, he attempts to work through political power he approaches futility. German Colonies are Colonies 'pour rien.' The Government has to bribe Germans to go to them; he trade with them is microscopic; and if the 20,000,000 who have been added to Germany's population since the war had to depend on their country's political conquests they would have had to starve. What feeds them are countries which Germany has never 'owned,' and never hopes to 'own': Brazil, Argentina, the United States, India, Australia, Canada, Russia, France, and England.

"These are Germany's real Colonies. Yet the immense interests which they represent, of 'really' primordial concern to Germany, without which so many of her people would be actually without food, are for the diplomats and the soldiers quite secondary ones. They owe nothing to 'Agadir incidents'; they are the work of the merchant and the manufacturer in reality, quite unaided by Dreadnoughts. All this diplomatic and military conflict and rivalry, this waste of wealth, the unspeakable foulness which Tripoli is revealing, are reserved for things

The case in question arises from a tax sale held in South Vancouver on or about October 10, 1894. Mr. R. A. Anderson, as set forth in the statement of claim, was the owner of an undivided one-half interest in D. L. 701, group 1, New Westminster district (now Vancouver district), containing twenty acres. On the day of the tax sale, in October, 1894, the municipality of South Vancouver sold the whole of lot 701 to Mr. William M. Shiller for taxes. By conveyance, dated on or about April 7, 1904, Mr. M. Shiller conveyed the whole of the lot to Sarah Ralston, who on October 30, 1906, made application to have herself registered as owner, in fee, of the property in question.

Affects Much Property.

On October 29, 1906, Sarah Ralston sold a part (the westerly 15 acres of lot 701) to Mr. Amos C. Fleming, who, in turn, made application to the district registrar of titles in Vancouver for registration in his own name of an indefeasible title to the westerly fifteen acres of the lot. He died, and in a will gave the property to his wife, Mary C. Fleming, one of the defendants in the case.

The upsetting of the tax sale is very important, as many other parcels of land were sold at the same time.

In the suit brought by Mr. Anderson against South Vancouver et al he claimed the tax sale deed was null and void and that it should be cancelled, chiefly on the ground that the sale proceedings were irregular, many of the meetings of the council and court of revision at that period being held, as of the municipality, namely, in the city of Vancouver. This the British Columbia courts decided against him, but the Supreme Court of Canada has just decided in his favor and against the lower courts.

The effect of the decision is that it sets in doubt the titles of considerable property in South Vancouver which was sold at the same tax sale as that affecting Mr. Anderson's property, namely, lot 701. These pieces of real estate have been transferred in some cases very many times and on them there have been made many improvements. In some cases there are persons living on the property and are making permanent improvements. Values have greatly increased.

At the time of the tax sale, the property brought \$169. Today it is estimated to be worth probably \$60,000.

which both sides to the quarrel could sacrifice not merely without loss, but with profit.

"Is it not time that the man in the street insisted that the experts in the high places should acquire some sense of the reality of things?"

THE CASE OF HARLAN

For many years the name Mr. Justice Harlan has been a great one in the United States. He has been an eminent member of a distinguished court, and he has added much to the reputation of the important body to which he belonged. For thirty-four years he sat in the Supreme Court of the United States exerting a vast power over big business in a generation which made millionaires right and left and changed many of them into billionaires.

Justice Harlan died recently, and we are told that he died poor, and that his daughter has found it necessary to accept employment. A biography of Justice Harlan should be an excellent one for Mr. Carnegie to place in all the public libraries which he establishes. The book might, to some extent, atone for the building that houses it.

In a country filled with the loud noises which money makes, not nearly enough mention is made of men like Harlan, who do not seek money. It is not necessary to admire poverty as such, but no doubt the late Justice Harlan got as much out of a life as has Carnegie or Rockefeller. He had honor, power, friends; he had good books, good clothes, good food, and the respect of his countrymen throughout his life. If at his death he was unable to leave the family sufficiently provided for, the reproach probably rests on the nation which he served, although one can imagine that there may be many a woman who will envy Harlan's daughter her honorable poverty. Men like this one—men who work for other things than money—are not at all rare in either the United States or Canada. They become more numerous as we work slowly towards a civilized way of life and shake off the traditions handed down from the time when trade consisted in palming off glass beads on Indians for the valuable skins of hairy wild beasts. The number increases of those who do not seek to acquire money beyond the measure of their modest needs, but who enquire of life its real meaning.—Toronto Star.

The great tragedian bowed gracefully as his admirer murmured flowery compliments, and, ah, not to say gassy praises.

"Thanks—thanks!" he said. "Many thanks for your good opinion! Yes, I always study from nature. In my acting you see reflected Nature herself."

The admirer was a lover of Nature, too, so he asked eagerly: "Where did you study that look of intense surprise you assumed in the second act?"

"From Nature, sir—from Nature. To get that expression I asked my friend to lend me a fiver. To my surprise, I got it, and so I promptly studied the expression of my face in a mirror. But no; it would not do! The surprise in my face was tempered with an air of suspicion that the note was bad. What was I to do?"

He made a dramatic pause, and his admirer waited eagerly.

"Ha—an idea! Next day I returned to him the fiver, and there on his face was just the look of pure surprise I sought."

They lived in one of those new garden suburbs, where everyone loves his neighbor, and the green grass grows greener, and the houses are white and red.

The great scandal of the moment of that particular suburb was the story that a newly-married lady had ruthlessly hurled a plate at her hubby, because he had ventured in error to sit upon her new hat.

Mrs. Nextdoor was as flabbergasted at the tale as anyone, and drew her own husband's attention to the matter.

He placed his face nearer to that of his wife—they had not been married very long, either—as she remarked tenderly:

"I could never throw anything at you, could I, pettie, however cross you had made me?"

"No, ducky, I am sure you couldn't. You wouldn't, if you could, and I am certain you'll never try."

"Oh course I couldn't, Jack," replied his better half. "You see, I haven't got a new hat for you to sit on!"

He was a benevolent old gent. The mein of human kindness was part of him. From his monocle to his patent leather boots he beamed genially.

It was a foggy afternoon, and the little boy upon whom the old gent happened was sobbing lustily.

"And what's the matter, ladde-ly?" asked the elderly party cheerily.

The boy's grubby fists were rammed into his eyes, and could not speak through his sobs.

"P-please, sir," chimed in the small boy's companion, "we was a-playing marbles, and Freddie, he's bin and lost his glass alley."

"Then don't cry," put in the old gent. "I wouldn't cry any more, if I were you. Here's a penny—go and buy some more alleys."

"But—b-b-but," sobbed the despairing boy, "it was father's glass eye!"

Would Catch It Later—A lad of eight wanted to go fishing, but his mamma refused to permit him to go near the water. Johnny, nevertheless, slipped out and went to the creek, where he fished for an hour or more. On his way back home he met a neighbor, who was surprised to see Johnny carrying a fish-pole. "Hello, Johnny," said the neighbor, "been fishing?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny answered. "What did you catch?"

"W-w-why, I haven't been home yet."

The Usual Result—Friend: "You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?"

"Great success. He's teaching me now."

Minister (approaching baptismal font): "The candidate for baptism will now be presented. Mother of intended candidate (in nervous whisper to husband): "There! I knew we had forgotten something—Archibald! Run home quick, and fetch the baby!"

When you think the boss doesn't appreciate you, take a liver pill.

Don't look for specimens of good manhood on big checks.—It's no use.

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Along the street rushed the infuriated mob of strikers. Various missiles were hurling through the air, and the sticks of the strikers met the batons of the bobbies.

Oh, it was a fierce time, and things looked black, indeed. Along the road crept a mild, meek-looking man, trying to reach some place of safety. Another wayfarer on the same hunt, came alongside him, and they commiserated one with the other.

"Are they striking for an increase of wages, or for shorter hours?" Inquired the meek and mild man, when at last they stood practically free from danger.

"Oh, no!" the other told him.

"It's neither of those. You see, these fellows have got tired of so much striking, so now they've come out on strike against any more strikers, and if they don't get their terms they all threaten to return to work, and never strike again."

Also the Roast—"Too many cooks spoil the broth," "Far too many."

Don't interrupt a man when he is mad; let him get it out of his system.

You can't convince the divorce lawyers that marriage is a failure.

Home and Society

1912 is certainly off to a record pace. Since the last figure of the year changed, we have had dances enough, and Bridges enough and dinners enough, to send us all to bed for a week to lay up for repairs.

Every night taken, every afternoon crowded with engagements. Which would be all very well if our domestic help were more numerous and competent, but as it is, means so much rushing and hard work in between, that a great deal of the enjoyment is certainly taken out of the fun.

Since I last wrote up social topics, we have had four large dances, with another Assembly on this Friday night. Most picturesque of these was undoubtedly the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Bal Poudre, in the Cecil Hotel, on Thursday night.

This dance is always one of the smartest and most popular of the year, and Thursday's was no exception to the rule.

Thanks to Col. Carstairs and the officers and men of the 101st, the ballroom this year was most patriotic and dashing in its decorations. All about were flags and gay bunting, while at the far end stood the colors of the regiment, which came to the hall, under an escort, and were guarded by relays of sentries throughout the entire evening.

The brilliant crimson uniforms of the soldiers, contrasted most effectively with the dainty frocks and powdered hair of the women, and with the unspurring music of Turner's Orchestra, and a splendid floor to dance on, the Bal Poudre of 1912 went down into history, perhaps with more prestige and éclat than even its predecessors have enjoyed, which is certainly saying something.

There were shoals of beautiful frocks at the dance, and pretty girls by the score. Some looked better a la mode of many years ago, and some became their powder and patches, not so well as their own natural tresses and complexions. I think, generally speaking, brunettes are improved by powder, and that fair-haired girls are, with a few exceptions, the reverse.

Of the frocks and women present I noticed: Mrs. Barnes, Regent of the Chapter, in a handsome black satin gown, the bodice elaborately sequined.

Mrs. Dawson, who wore a very smart black toilette, and looked remarkably well.

Mrs. Turnbull, in pale grey satin, with a beautiful beaded net over-dress, with cut-steel sequins and some exquisite lace.

Mrs. Boucher, who looked regal in softest black chiffon velvet.

Mrs. Bower Campbell, in mauve silk crepe de chine, with lovely oriental embroideries.

Mrs. Pardee, whose powdered hair and patches became her wonderfully, in pink satin, with a handsome all-over embroidery black over drape.

Mrs. Ewing, in pale grey embroidered satin, with a beautiful scarf.

Mrs. Wm. Short, very smart in rich black satin, the skirt slashed to display a petticoat of palest pink.

Mrs. Belcher, in handsome black, with deep Paisley embroideries.

Mrs. W. D. Ferris, in a lovely toilette of Paddy green satin, with a smart black sequined tunic.

Mrs. Haylock, the Regent's eldest daughter, in pale green satin, with veillings of nixon in a deeper tone, and gold embroideries.

Mrs. Heathcote, who looked very sweet in black silk crepe de chine.

Mrs. Arnold Soars in such a smart English frock of black satin, half-veiled in an exquisite lace over-dress, introducing some oft color effects.

Mrs. Nightingale, a belle in white lace, and with her hair beautifully dressed and powdered.

Mrs. Percy Hardisty, by many picked as the belle of the Ball, the daintiest little figure in lovely black lace over white satin, with touches of burnt orange velvet, and her hair dressed and powdered like some bewitching belle of ante-bellum days.

Mrs. Tom Douglas, one of the most popular partners, in most becoming black satin.

Mrs. Wilkin, in grey satin, veiled in black lace, who was looking very sweet and charming.

Mrs. Kimpke, in handsome black satin, with deep lace embroideries of black and white tones.

Mrs. Short, Calgary, who enjoyed the dance looking on, and was most becomingly gowned in black satin.

Mrs. Saunders, but recently returned from abroad, in a Paris frock of pale blue satin, heavily sequined, and with a sweeping court train.

Mrs. Spratt, in a lovely gown of black chiffon over satin embroidered in silver, and with a deep fringe of the same.

Mrs. Griesbach in a striking white lace robe, with burnt orange touches.

Mrs. Dick Hardisty, looking stunning in pale pink, figured satin, with filmy lace garnitures.

Miss Bessie Scott, whose black frock and powdered hair were vastly becoming.

Miss Harvey, in lovely white charmeuse with a tunic of chrysal.

Miss Wallbridge in the frock so much admired at the Wallbridge dance.

Miss Nora Campbell, who looked charming in shell pink satin, with chiffon draperies and coral ornaments.

Miss Haycock, one of the prettiest girls, in soft white satin, with an over-drape of violet chiffon.

Miss Phyllis Barnes, a sweet little figure in pink satin, with a white and gold tunic, her hair charmingly arranged.

Miss Cauchon, whose poudre and patches were vastly becoming, and her dress of white satin veiled in Paddy Green, quite fetching.

Miss Lyl Scott, who looked lovely in pale blue veiled in pink.

Miss Beck, in girlish frock of pale pink, with silver garnitures.

Miss Joan Macdonald, one of the belles, in white satin.

Miss Kate Bouchier, strikingly frocked in pink satin, and her hair beautifully poudre.

Miss Bown, very dainty and girlish in white satin.

Miss Jessie Potter, who looked exceedingly well in black chiffon velvet, and the Misses Saunders, in exquisite white frocks.

All in all, every one had a rattling good time, and the Chapter will have about two hundred and fifty dollars clear to their credit.

I am sorry that owing to illness in the family, I was prevented from attending the dance given by the staff of the Bank of Montreal, on Monday. However, I heard glowing accounts of the jolly time everyone had, of what capital hosts the Bank boys made, the fine floor, and all the other details that spell a thoroughly successful dance. Mrs. Pardee chaperoned the party, and Mr. Pardee assisted in looking after the comfort of the guests.

Again on Tuesday night the young people donned their prettiest party frocks, and sallied forth to the "Blue Moon," where the boys of "Updown" were the hosts of as merry and smart a little dance as any one could desire.

The "Blue Moon" makes really a delightful small ball-room, and on Tuesday, with its beautiful floral decorations, and cosy sitting-out corners, was voted by everyone, quite the correct place in which to hold a private dance.

The "Boys" proved charming hosts, and all the ladies wore corsage bouquets of hyacinths, carnations and lilies of the valley, as tangible reminders of the generous welcome extended them by the Up-Down bachelors.

The floor, music (Turner's orchestra), and supper, were excellent, and the hosts responsible for it all were: Messrs. Barnes, K. Bowman, H. B. Bowman, Christy, Dimoline, Field, Goldberger, Mowat, McCosham, Maxwell, Reynolds, West, Woodrow, and Woodhead.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Billy Lines, and Mrs. Balmer Watt were the chaperones, and the pretty girls were so numerous, that it would be folly to try to enumerate them.

Mrs. A. Archibald will receive on the 2nd Monday of each month, at her residence, 476 Seventh street.

A Ladies Curling Club tea will be given next Friday afternoon at the Capital Curling Rink on Twelfth street.

Madame Martin has issued cards of invitation for a tea this Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morris and Miss Maxine and Harry, left for California where they will spend the winter, on Thursday.

Mr. Ferdinand Aitkens, of Penitton, B.C., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hardisty over Christmas, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. Aitkens is a man with a remarkable record in the diplomatic service of Central Africa, and those who met him speak most enthusiastically of his conversational powers.

Mrs. Seymour and her father left for Southern British Columbia on Thursday, where they will spend the winter.

Lieut. C. Ross Palmer is off to Fort Osborne Barracks in Winnipeg, to take a month's military course.

Mrs. J. C. Biggs will hold her first reception since her marriage at her residence, 756 Twenty-fifth street, on Wednesday, January 10.

The matinee Bridge given by Mrs. Harold Richards at her pretty home on 24th street, on Thursday last, in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald-Hogg of London, Eng., proved a jolly little party, where the guests were all well known to each other, and enjoyed a rattling good time.

Mrs. Richards looked very sweet in a charming frock of rose and white marquisette, elaborately beaded, and falling over a petticoat of handsome white embroidery.

Mrs. Macdonald-Hogg wore handsome black satin with oriental embroideries, and some fine lace and magnificent diamonds.

Mrs. Jack Anderson and Miss Gouin of Winnipeg carried off while kid gloves as souvenirs of their skill at the tricky game.

Miss Penelope Davis danced her last dance in Edmonton for some time, at the Bal Poudre on Thursday, leaving on Saturday for New York, where she will go on with her vocal studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Soars entertained at a dinner of eight covers on Monday, the guests being: Miss Joan Macdonald, Miss Sowden, Miss Bouchier, Mr. Kenneth Townshend, Mr. Maxwell and Mr. David Robinson.

Mrs. Scoble entertains at a dinner this Friday, the guests later going on to the Assembly.

The same hostess is giving a two table Bridge on Saturday in honor of Miss Gouin of Winnipeg, with a small tea party following.

Miss Marian Seymour gives a luncheon of six covers at the King Edward this Saturday, Miss Gouin again being the guest of honor, and the other invitees: Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Miss Sowden, and Miss Estelle Kerr, of Toronto.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall entertained at the tea hour on Saturday for Miss Fraser of Medicine Hat.

Mrs. Graydon, 544 Fourteenth street, has changed her day from the 1st Wednesday to the last.

Seldom has a visitor to Edmonton enjoyed a jollier visit than Miss Gouin, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ambrose Dickins. Her stay at the Capital has been the signal for an unending series of parties in her honor, a few of which follow:

Mrs. Duncan Smith's huge Bridge party on Tuesday night, given for her and Mrs. Macdonald-Hogg.

Mrs. Benson of Peace Avenue, who entertained at Bridge on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Anderson's matinee Bridge on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charlesworth's on Saturday last.

Miss Seymour's luncheon this Saturday.

Mrs. Henwood's Bridge this Saturday night.

Mrs. Clark Bowker's Bridge last Saturday night.

Mrs. Jennings Bridge on Wednesday night, and others too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Scott entertained at Bridge on Thursday night, and also at a luncheon of twenty covers on Wednesday, when the following guests were present: Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Canley, Mrs. Joseph Cauchon, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Archie Ponion, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Fanny Lines, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Hume.

Five small tables were exquisitely decorated with tiny green baskets filled with fragrant hyacinths.

Mrs. Charlesworth had a jolly Bridge of two tables on Saturday, Miss Gouin being the guest of honor. The hostess looked very smart in a pretty house dress of white and turquoise blue marquisette, with a bandeau of turquoises and dull gold in her lovely auburn hair.

The rooms were fragrant with the delicious perfume of many lilies and other cut flowers, and the cheery living-room, recently enlarged, was very much admired.

Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Jack Anderson carried off exquisite lace handkerchiefs as prizes for top scores.

The jolly party, augmented by a few "tears," gathered later over a prettily decorated tea-table, where Mrs. Scoble did the honors.

The players were: Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Gouin, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ford, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. Ferris, and Mrs. Anneson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bradburn left last Monday on a visit to New York and Peterboro, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Short's tea for Mrs. Jas. Short, of Calgary, on Friday last, was a smart gathering of congenial people, who enjoyed to the full the unique opportunity of meeting this popular visitor in such delightful surroundings, and without the usual experience of an attendant crush.

Mrs. Wm. Short was looking very handsome in a lovely gown of Saxe blue chiffon, over white satin, while Mrs. Jas. Short was her own charming self, in striped black and green satin, with rich touches of gold and lace.

Mrs. Wallbridge and Mrs. Ferris presided at the beautifully arranged tea-table centred with an exquisite shower of Japanese lilies, hyacinths and fern.

Mrs. Ewing assisted in looking after the guests

and some of the younger girls passed the delicious refreshments.

Mrs. Turnbull entertained at Bridge on Friday night in Mrs. Short's honor, three tables engaged in play, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Stephenson carrying off the prizes.

Miss Henderson, Sixth street, entertained at a young people's Bridge, of four tables, on Wednesday night.

Mrs. Duncan-Smith was one of the week's smart hostesses, giving two large bridge parties, one on Saturday night and another on Tuesday evening. Five tables played on Saturday, Mr. Frank Ford and Mrs. George Kirkpatrick carrying off the honors on Saturday, and Mrs. Haylock and Mr. Harold Richards on Tuesday.

Mrs. Smith looked lovely in a Paris frock of black jetted sequins, and after the games, a delicious supper was served.

One of the most enjoyable parties of the week was given by Mrs. M. R. Jennings on Wednesday night, Bridge being the attraction, and six or seven tables engaging in play.

Again Miss Gouin was guest of honor, and wore a smart gown of shimmering white satin, veiled in emerald-spangled black chiffon, with touches of lace and emerald green.

Mrs. Jennings was looking charming, wearing Paddy green charmeuse under an ecru Battenberg lace robe, with touches of the poplar green, and silver mesh net.

Following a jolly game, in which Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Wm. Short, Mr. Geo. Hunt, came off victors, a delicious supper was served, after which Mr. Jennings put on some beautiful records on the gramophone, which enticed the guests into remaining long after the last car had gone, sure sign of how enjoyable the guests found this delightful home, and its capital host and hostess.

A fashionable and brilliant audience greeted de Pachmann, at his recital in the Empire theatre on Friday evening last. In a box I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ritchie. Mr. Michelson had a dinner party of eight covers before, and then brought his guests on to the concert, among them being: Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote and Miss Haycock. Others I noticed were: Mrs. Brunton, and Miss Sowden, a family party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Norman and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Soars, Mrs. Dawson and Miss Dawson, Dr. and Mrs. de L. Harwood, Dr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hardisty, Mr. Aitkens, Mrs. Dave Bowman and Mrs. A. C. Harwood, Mrs. Bleasdale, Mr. Bolman, Miss Potter, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cauchon, Mr. Mowat, Miss Joan Macdonald, Dr. Brown, Miss Forin, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, and Miss Bouchier.

Mrs. Dickins is giving a Bridge for her sister, Miss Gouin, next Wednesday night

THE TOWN.

I wonder now does God look down upon the town,
And what He's thinking when he sees
The people swarming there like bees;
The alleys and the dirty lanes;
The moldier of the trains and trains;
The stately carriages galore,
And then the poor,
Who traips in the bitter sleet
With broken boots upon their feet,
I wonder what He thinks at night
When angels set the stars bright,
Does He watch gaming rascals cheat,
Old drunken villains curse and fight,
While girls, grown shameless, walk the street?

Always God hears the Cherubim
Sing praise to Him
But where He's sitting on His throne,
Can He hear starving women moan?
Above the harping of each saint
Are little children's voices faint?
Can He in all the music hear
Their sob for fear?

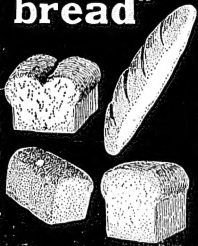
On dirty pavements babies sprawl
With them to mind them scarce less small.
It's sure God hears the cries of these
And all the oaths and blasphemies
Of them that's never on their knees,
He hears the drunkards shout and bawl
Above the angels' melodies—
I wonder what God thinks at all.

—W. M. Lettis, in Westminster Gazette.

"The West is a great country. Out around Calgary, where they do not have much rain, they irrigate the land and laugh at the baffled sky. Further West, at Vancouver, where they have no winter, they make artificial ice, start hockey rinks, and hire all the best professional players to be found in the deep snow Provinces."

But it all has an artificial look which is not in keeping with the best kind of sport.—Cover Point.

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Why Political Leaders Quit

A curious fact regarding the startling resignation of Mr. A. J. Balfour as leader of the opposition, says a writer in Tit Bits, is that he is almost precisely the same age—sixty-four—as Mr. Gladstone when the "G.O.M." made his first resignation in 1874. While, however, Mr. Balfour has been thirty-eight years in political life, Mr. Gladstone, who resigned the Liberal leadership and was temporarily succeeded by Lord Hartington on account of ministerial dissensions, had seen forty-two years' strife in the Commons.

Apparently Mr. Gladstone had definitely made up his mind to retire, for in a letter to Earl Granville he said that he saw no public advantage in continuing to act as leader of the Liberal party, and that his retirement was dictated to him by his personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of his life. Yet it was not long before Mr. Gladstone was back in the political arena again; and from 1879 to 1894, when he resigned, owing to the infirmities of age and impaired eyesight, he was actively engaged in political fighting, principally in the cause of Home Rule.

From Liberal to Unionist.

It was Gladstone's enthusiasm and advocacy of this much-discussed measure for the Emerald Isle which led to the split between himself and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1886, the year when the shortest-lived parliament of modern times ended, Gladstone coming into power in November, 1885, and going out in March the following year. Mr. Chamberlain was then president of the Local Government Board. He refused to follow Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question and, together with Sir George Trevelyan, quitted office. It was over nine years before Mr. Chamberlain became a cabinet minister again.

It was later in the same year, December, 1886, that Lord Randolph Churchill, who in August had become chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, advocated a policy of stringent retrenchment, and consequently fell foul of Lord Salisbury. He resigned, resolving, to quote his own words, "to sacrifice himself on the altar of thrift and economy."

"THE DICTATOR OF WALES."

In the September Forum Mr. Sydney Brooks sketches Mr. Lloyd George and his policies. He says that few things seemed less likely ten years ago than that Mr. Lloyd George would be the man to introduce such a Bill as the Insurance Bill, which Mr. Brooks describes as one of the greatest measures ever submitted to the British Parliament. "No man in any time, unless it were Mr. Gladstone at the height of the Home Rule crisis, has ever been more intensely hated than was Mr. Lloyd George between 1899 and 1902, the years of the Boer War. The nation, which has since been almost ready to canonize him, would then have stoned him without the slightest compunction." Mr. Brooks goes on:

One really hardly exaggerates in speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's position and influence in Wales as the equivalent of a dictatorship. "You ought to know Lloyd George," a friend is said to have remarked to the present King, who was then Prince of Wales. "If there were such a thing as the Presidency of Wales, he would poll more votes than you would." It is a hackneyed, but a true thing, to say that not since the days of Owen Glendower has Wales found a leader more absolutely after her own heart. Mr. Lloyd George is Welsh—as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish; he speaks Welsh—is probably, indeed, even more eloquent and moving in it than in English; and he knows the country and its people—knows them as McKinley knew the Americans, or Palmerston the English, or Gambetta the French. No one can touch as he can on the romantic appeal of ancient Welsh life. No one is more imbued with the spirit and consciousness of a distinctive Welsh nationality, and no one has done more, or indeed half so much, to make that spirit of nationality politically effective. No one is more effective than he in his invocations to the charm of the Cymric twilight, the lonely lakes and mist-clad mountains, the ghostly figures of Welsh chivalry, the noise of streams rushing down the moonlit valleys. Even when he talks of Wales on his own hearth, in the freedom of private conversation, an irrepressible light leaps out of his eyes, the voice takes on an after infection of tenderness, the language grows more impetuous and glowing, one feels the workings of an authentic inspiration. There is more than a little of the poet, the mystic, the dreamer, and the evangelist, in Mr. Lloyd George's temperament. If he had not been a politician he would assuredly have been a revivalist. Indeed, he often devotes the methods of the campaigning to the service of politics, and never more

The Stormy Petrel.

Lord Randolph's method of announcing his resignation was rather peculiar. He merely called on the editor of the Times, told him he had resigned, and the next day the Thunderer was able to claim a huge scoop, inasmuch as they had the announcement of Lord Randolph's resignation all to themselves. Although on most other points he spoke and voted steadily for the Conservative side, Lord Randolph was a veritable "stormy petrel" when it came to the question of voting supplies.

It is said, of course, that the resignation of Mr. Balfour has been forced, to a large extent, by the attitude of the "Die-Hards," who refused to follow his leadership with regard to the parliament bill, and preferred to range themselves under the banner of Lord Halsbury and Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

In a sense this episode provides another illustration of political history, repeating itself, for when Peel, the Conservative leader, advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws, in 1845, and told his ministerial colleagues that their repeal was inevitable, some of them refused to go along with him, and consequently he resigned. Lord Stanley, afterwards the Earl of Derby, with Lord George Bentinck, Disraeli, and others, formed "No Surrender" Tory party. However, the measure for the repeal was carried and Peel triumphed.

Bright Was a Man of Peace.

Mr. Gladstone, by the way, not only caused Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to leave the Liberal party; but his Egyptian policy in 1882, which led to the bombardment of Alexandria, caused the resignation of Mr. John Bright, who was then chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. Bright explained afterwards that he resigned because it was a matter of conscience with him, as he believed there had been a violation of both the international and moral law.

Almost similar circumstances led to the split in Beaconsfield's cabinet in 1878 when Lord Carnarvon, father of the present Earl, resigned on account of the interference of England in the Russo-Turkish war. Lord Carnarvon strongly advocated a policy of neutrality, and he was backed up by Lord Derby, who was foreign secretary, and who also resigned with Lord Carnarvon.

often than when speaking from a Welsh platform before a Welsh audience.

Mr. Brooks describes Mr. Lloyd George as a brilliantly effective orator. He counts him one of the most refreshing, dramatic, and successful speaker he has listened to on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Brooks says he does not know a man, except Mr. John Burns, who is more typical of the whole-some revolution that is passing over English life and politics, and is throwing open the career to talent. Democracy is the note of Mr. Lloyd George's personality, as well as of his career. He is one of the cheeriest and most approachable of men.

STORIES OF AN ECCENTRIC JUDGE.

Justice Sir William Grantham of the King's Bench Division, who has just died in London, was a good deal of a character. He was noted for what was regarded as too great freedom of speech in his judicial opinions; his "blazing indiscretions" these comments have been called, and he was inclined to be truculent and had frequent differences with people, but withal he was a genial, kindly man with his friends and neighbors and did not hesitate to tell a joke at his own expense.

One of his stories was that his appointment to the bench was due to a misunderstanding remark. A distinguished jurist with whom Sir William was on close terms of friendship in the latter's younger days said once that whatever Sir William knew of the law he was a good judge of horseflesh. This remark came to the ears of the Lord Chancellor, who understood it to mean that Sir William would make a good judge, not of horseflesh but of the law. That misunderstanding, according to the story attributed to the late Justice, brought him a high regard in the Lord Chancellor's estimation and caused his appointment to the bench.

Another story about Sir William was that after protesting vainly to a man who was smoking in a non-smoking railway carriage he sought to impress the offender by handing him his card with a threat to have the man arrested at the next station. But the man left the compartment quickly when the train stopped and took a seat in another compartment. Justice Grantham sent the guard to get the man's name and address so that he could be prosecuted. When the guard returned he said:

"I wouldn't have him, 'rested, sir. I asked his name and he gave me this card. You see he is Mr. Justice Grantham, sir."

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—The Sketch.

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The Doctor (to village socialist): "So you really think the time will come, Hodge, when the working man will have the wealthy classes under his feet?"

Hodge: "I do that!"

The Village Humourist: "Yes, that's what he thinks now; but, as I see to 'im, when the workin' man 'as the gods under 'is feet, 'e'll be a-walkin' on 'is hoppers."

—Throne and Country.



The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees;
The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die, and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

Here's a Ho to 1912!
January 2nd, and a cold and frosty morning—a bill of fare of getting down to work again in earnest, a long road of 364 days ahead, and nothing but the memory of a week of good cheer behind to urge one on to meeting the tedium of just common everyday living, after an unusually happy holiday.

This morning as people passed by my window on their way to work, the very swing of them, the set of their shoulders, belokened the knowledge that the workaday world and a stiff pace lay before them.

Yesterday they loitered in the pleasant fashion that those who have time and enjoyment on their hands. But today the cake is eaten, the first of the year bills are steadily blowing in, someone must pay the fiddler, and Christmas expressions are giving way to the Banker and the Lawyer look. Richard is himself again. I don't like being myself.

Do you remember what inimitable Jerome K. Jerome wrote along this line.
He has been speaking of his intention to be his "own natural, simple self," when the thought suggests itself.

"What am I?" I am a great gentleman walking through the world with dauntless heart and head erect, scornful of all meanness, impatient of all littleness. I am a mean-thinking, little-daring man—the type of man that I of the dauntless heart and the erect head despise greatly, crawling to a poor end by devious ways, cringing to the strong, timid of all pain.

"I am a philosopher, greeting alike the thunder and the sunshine with frolic welcome. Only now and then, when all things do not fall exactly as I wish them, when foolish, wicked people will persist in doing comfort and happiness, I rage and fret a goodish deal."

How like, how like us all!
So Browning put it, in his own beautiful fashion—
"We fail to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

We are not bad, just pure, maliciously bad, but Heavens! how frightfully human—On top of a fixed resolution to change his conduct in life, Jerome K. Jerome goes on to tell us, that just as he has resolved on all this: "Again, a selfish, greedy man comes and sits in my clothes—a man who frets away his life, planning how to get more money, more food, more clothes, more pleasures for himself, a man so busy thinking of the many things he needs he has no time to dwell upon the needs of others. He deems himself the centre of the universe. You would imagine, hearing him grumbling, that the world had been created and got ready against the time when he should come to take his pleasure in it. He would push and trample, heedless, reaching towards these many desires of his; and when, grabbing, he misses, he curses Heaven for its injustice, and men and women for getting in his way. He is not a nice man in any way. I wish, as I say, he would not come so often and sit in my clothes. He persists that he is I, and that I am only a sentimental fool, spoiling his chances. Sometimes, for a while, I get rid of him, but he always comes back; and then he gets rid of me and I become him. It is very confusing. Sometimes I wonder if I really am I."

After a holiday, or a New Year, started brimful of good intentions, when you come down from the heights with a dull, heavy thud, and you are sick and tired of everything, when you have lost your temper, and nothing seems to go in the very least right, oh then I tell you it is inspiring to know that though you have fallen, still you may rise to

fight better, that clouds and worries may endure for a night, but that morning is just behind ready to break through.

I am writing this in a week so crowded with work, illness in the house, and discouragements, that at times I feel as if I would like to shirk and pick up and run away.

One thing on top of another, one setback on top of its fellow—You know how it goes—can't put a scuttle of coal on the fire but I spill it, and have that bit of extra work to add to the general confusion. I could be very sorry for myself if I had time to be sympathetic—and then perhaps the ambulance drives by, or I hear the bells tolling for some poor soul who has given up the fight, and I say to myself—"Oh you coward, these are the irrevocable, heart-breaking things, illness—death, up and at it again."

So, stumbling, down and then up, this time wisely tackling one thing at a time, somehow I find the day gets through, and I have gained a little on the mountain of obstacles in my path.

The New Year's lesson of hope and good intentions, is still a stout staff to lean upon.

One thing I know, "In peace or strife we must all go on."

"The world's way, living an ordinary life,
How many problems that one fact would solve!
An ordinary soul, no more, no less,
About whose life earth's common sights revolve,
On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-stress,
This fact—God tasks him, and will not absolve
Task's negligent performer! Can you guess
How such a soul—the task performed, to point—
Goes back to life nor finds things out of joint?"

Speaking of the ordinary life leads me to write of that most extraordinary artist, to whom many of us had the privilege of listening in the Empire theatre last Friday night, Vladimir de Pachmann.

A more wonderful performance I have never listened to, nor can hope to. A wierder personality I have never come into contact with, nor wish to. Genius run riot. Supreme artistry coupled with the behavior of a petulant child. Floods of the most heavenly harmonies pouring from the soul and fingers of a man whose mouthings and grimaces would be better fitted for the surroundings of an asylum.

A wizard, a mountebank!
What is Vladimir de Pachmann?
Must genius be ever clothed in long hair, and have for its distinguishing characteristics, uncouthness and semi-insanity?

Can a man not possess superlative powers; and still be a normal being, that is, an ordinary, healthy, wholesome-minded individual, set apart only by his great gifts?

There's a riddle for you
Judging by my own experience in such matters I should say not. The law of compensation works in a fearful and wonderful way. It is like a Fate, who, while it swamps you with gifts with one hand, is busy with the other, in picking your pocket.

Perhaps de Pachmann knows moments that are denied to us of the ordinary world—One can hardly doubt it as the mind goes back in retrospect over that truly remarkable programme.

And yet—even to be transported to those rare heights where this ugly wizard most surely wandered, to catch the hidden meaning that undoubtedly spoke out to him in the marvelous music of his own fashioning, would you or I give up being ourselves? Our ordinary, humble, just commonly-happy and very normal selves?

De Pachmann's face should answer the question.

If "Chopin was indeed gay," for him, if "flow-ers" lined the way of Schumann's melodies, in like proportion we may be sure, does he drink of the cup of despair that forever is held to the lips of genius. There were moments, if you'll be remembering.

De Pachmann's are the sport of the Gods.

TERRIBLE HEADACHES

Trenton Merchant Driven To Despair By The Pain.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM

TRENTON, Ont., Jan. 29th, 1909.
"I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Stomach and Liver Trouble—but my greatest suffering was from violent headaches. They were so distressing that I almost had to give up my business. I went to Toronto, consulted specialists and wore glasses, but nothing did me any good and the headaches became intolerable. I was then induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and from the beginning, I was better, and in a short time I was quite well again—no more headaches—and I threw my glasses away.
"Fruit-a-tives" not only cured my headaches, but completely cured me of all indigestion, and restored me to perfect health again." W. J. MCCOMB.
"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for headaches in the world and it is the only medicine made of fruit juices.
"Fruit-a-tives" will relieve Stomach, Liver, Indigestion and all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. 50c a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all druggists or from Fruit-a-tives Co., Montreal, Canada.

KAISER'S SONS ARE ALL BUSY

In a very few years all the German Emperor's sons will be engaged in the service of their country. Friedrich Wilhelm, the crown prince, though only a major in rank, is colonel commanding the First Hussars of the Bodyguard, the famous "Death's Head" Hussars, with skull and crossbones as regimental crest. The next elder brother, Prince Eitel Friedrich, likewise major in rank, commands a squadron of Bodyguard Hussars in Potsdam; but the post is only temporary, for he has already acted as governor of Pomerania and will, it is expected, be shortly appointed to a high civil or military position in that province.

Prince Adalbert, who has adopted the navy as a profession, is attending the Kiel Naval Academy, though he has had for a few months command of a torpedo boat. Prince August Wilhelm is learning administrative work in Potsdam and will also doubtless be appointed governor of a province or at least prefect of a district. Prince Oscar is in his second year of service as a lieutenant at the War Academy, and Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son, is sub-lieutenant in one of the infantry regiments at Potsdam.

Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother resides as grand admiral and inspector-general of the fleet at Kiel, where one of his sons, Prince Waldemar, is studying law, probably with a view to entering state service, while the other, Prince Sigismund, is devoting himself to the study of science.

OUR NEW MINISTER.

The great pastoral comedy, Our New Minister, will have its first presentation at the Empire theatre on Saturday Matinee and evening, December 30th. Sweet as the springtime flowers is the story of this beautiful play, which tells the struggle of a young minister in a parish of bigots, who are devoid of that charity which is the keynote of true Christianity. Dr. Denham Thompson, the author of this wonderful play has written some very strong dramas, but Our New Minister is his masterpiece. The scene is laid in New England, and a splendid chance is given for scenic display. This will be the last production by the clever Summers company during this engagement.

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Peggy



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JEWELRY LOOK
LIKE THE NEW
PIECES YOU HAVE
JUST RECEIVED?

Some slight alteration
in older ring or brooch
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Tailored Gowns
Afternoon Gowns
Evening Gowns

FOR TWO WEEKS
ONLY

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Customers
233 Jasper W.

Don't return kindness—just
pass it along.

Success is a case of merely doing
the right thing first.

The best bosses were once the
best workmen.

The best way to climb upward
is to work on the level.

It is better to profit by the experience
of others than to err.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY EL DORADO.

Everybody agrees that the twentieth century is Canada's, but we are not greedy, and desire no monopoly of prosperity. Away equatorwards of us is a whole continent, to wit, South America, teeming with natural wealth, and of an economic importance which is very imperfectly realized by the people of the British Empire. Earliness in the field, and the supply of capital for development, has given Great Britain a preponderating slice of South American trade, but competition, more particularly of the United States and Germany, is daily reducing Britain's proportionate share. The United States for many years have been awake to the value of the rich market to the south, and in Washington there has been established a special bureau, the Pan-American Union, for the cultivation of business relations between Latin America and the great Northern republic. This organization has been a notable success, but of course the British Empire is only remotely recognized in the scheme. The imminent opening of the Panama Canal is also going to afford the States a great lever in catering for South American requirements. With the object of promoting closer relations between Great Britain (including, of course, the British Empire) and the ten nations of South America, Hon. Robert P. Porter has just issued an admirable little volume entitled "The Ten Republics." This is the forerunner of a series dealing with each Latin-American state individually. Mr. Porter has exceptional qualifications for his work, for he is attached to the editorial staff of the London Times, and he has personally visited more than half of the twenty Latin-American Republics for the purpose of obtaining his data at first hand. A perusal of the book will show that he is quite au fait with every phase of South American peculiarities and conditions. One of the most interesting sections of an extremely readable book is the able historical summary, which possesses the additional merit of being right down to date. It might be thought that Canada is so engrossed in her internal development that external trade is apt to be overlooked. But it is pleasing to know that this is not the case. It was recently announced from Ottawa that the Dominion Government will probably within the next year or two establish a direct service of steamships with South America. Which, in view of our immense natural resources, and rapidly growing manufactures, is as it should be. The "Ten Republics" is published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, of London, and the price is Half a Crown (Sixty Cents).

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